

## The Willow

Willow, leaning with your fingers  
Soft on face that never lingers,  
Ever changing, ever flowing  
To a bourn beyond your knowing;  
Bending joyfully yet solemnly  
As you would him to remaining  
With the aspect of the minute  
You carest, forever in it!  
Willow, willow, you seem to capture  
Passion in its utmost rapture,  
All the joy of lover's presence,  
All the charm of evanescence!  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## PLAN WITH TWO EDGES

BY J. C. PLUMMER

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"You see," said John Pegley, "luck is dead against me. I've had it on my tongue to ask Miss Phipps to marry me for six months. I've polished up the words so that I'm sure she would say 'yes,' if she could only hear 'em, but I can't get a chance. The moment I get alone with her and get my mouth open to say those words some one always breaks in, either her mother or that fool Dempsey who's dancing after her."

"Why don't you write 'em and send 'em by post?" asked the Captain.

"Because they were made up to be spoken, and it took six months nearly to get 'em together. They wouldn't go well written. They must be spoken."

"There never was a head wind," remarked Captain Holly, impressively, "but what, with a right handling of the braces and the wheel, some sort of progress can be made. I can rig a plan to have those words of your'n spoke as easy as twine a line over a belayin' pin."

Mr. Pegley looked at his friend admiringly.

"Now," said the Captain, "suppose I ask Miss Nora Phipps to go sailing in my boat down to Crane Island. She'd go in a minute, for no one has a better boat in the harbor. Suppose, as we go down to the boat, we should happen to meet you and ask you to go along. When we get to the Island I may walk up and look at the rocks, and you and Nora could walk along the beach."

"Captain!" cried Mr. Pegley, "you're a genius."

"My conscience isn't clear, my lad," retorted the Captain, "I'm no marryin' man myself, and I'm not anxious to get other people to make fools of themselves. No wife for Thomas Holly, my lad."

"Thank you for the plan," cried Pegley, wringing his hand. "It's grand."

In a new jacket Captain Holly walked down the wharf in company with Nora Phipps, the prettiest girl in Rodham. Suddenly from behind a pile of goods appeared Mr. John Pegley looking as little like a man taken unawares as possible.

In response to the cordial invitation of Captain Holly to accompany them on a sail to Crane Island, Mr. Pegley, with a clumsy feint of doubt if business would permit him the outing, consented, and the party were about to embark, when Nora asked them to wait a few moments.

"Why, we are all ready," expostulated the Captain.

"Mother's going," said Nora, innocently, "and we must wait for her."

The Captain looked at Mr. Pegley with consternation written legibly on his bronzed countenance, and Mr. Pegley looked seaward with all sorts of expressions on his face.

A tall, somewhat bony female came rapidly down the wharf and joined them.

"We're very much obliged for the invitation," Captain Holly said, "but Mrs. Phipps, 'hit's so 'nd dusty in the town."

Captain Holly said nothing though the muscles of his throat worked curiously.

Probably with a view of making the boat sail better, Captain Holly, having seated himself in the stern, piled lunch baskets and wraps in such a way as to form a barricade between himself and Mrs. Phipps, but that lady's somewhat rasping voice easily overpowered this obstruction and kept the Captain busy on the trip to the Island.

When Crane Island was reached the Captain ran his boat alongside a small wharf and the occupants disembarked. Mr. Pegley at once led Miss Nora along the beach, and Mrs. Phipps expressed a longing to visit the rocks in the center of the Island.

Now, the expedition had been undertaken for the express purpose of



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to the Island, but the tide was too strong for him and the boat drifted rapidly towards the town.

"Hoist sail and come back, you can't make it rowing," hailed the Captain.

But Mr. Pegley knew nothing about sailing, and he valued his life, so, with a despairing wave of his hand towards the Island, he allowed the boat to drift with the tide.

The Captain said something which made Mrs. Phipps place her hands over her ears.

"My husband never swore," she said reproachfully.

"We're marooned," growled the Captain.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Phipps. "Why, we're left on the bloody Island, and I don't know when we'll get off of it."

Mrs. Phipps screamed.

"What's the people say?" They'll say 'H've beloped with you.'"

"No they won't," cried the Captain, desperately, "they'll know nobody would run away with you."

"Hi can never face the people again unless," but Mrs. Phipps was speaking in a low voice, and Captain Holly was running down the beach.

Arriving at a nook in the rocks he sat down and wiped his brow.

"What made you run so fast?" gasped Mrs. Phipps, appearing at the mouth of the nook.

The Captain adroitly changed an expression on his lips to, "I was hunting for a ship to take us off."

"Hit's real cozy in here," said Mrs. Phipps, seating herself by the Captain, "hit'd be a nice place for a 'oney-moon."

"I'll go down to the beach," exclaimed the Captain, "there might be a ship in sight."

"Hit'll go with you," said Mrs. Phipps. "Hit'm tired of sittin'."

For three mortal hours did Captain Holly and Mrs. Phipps parade the beach until a passing tug spied them and bore them to the town.

"Captain," said Mr. Pegley, the next morning, addressing the Captain, who was wrapped in Cimmerian gloom, "your plan was a first rate one; there was only one thing made it not work. Nora had accepted Dempsey the night before."

"The plan worked all right," growled the Captain, "my plans always have something 'em. I'm engaged to Mrs. Phipps."

affording Mr. John Pegley an uninterrupted opportunity of telling Miss Nora Phipps that he loved her. It was a plan of the Captain's, and he felt a laudable pride in it. The instincts of self-preservation told him plainly not to be alone with the dan- gerous Mrs. Phipps, but to keep with the plan. Captain Holly walked towards the rocks with Mrs. Phipps.

"Nora's a lot of badmishers," said Mrs. Phipps, "everybody runs hatter a pretty face. My husband who's dead and is 'eaven never cared for beauty."

"Why Phipps was a man who was 'eaven pleased," said Captain Holly, "for justice to his dead acquaintance. Mrs. Phipps looked dully at the Captain.

"I looked for deeper wisdom than



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Into a pint of milk stir the beaten yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt, four crackers rolled very fine, two tablespoonfuls of coconut and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix well, turn into a greased pudding-dish and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Draw the pudding to the door of the oven and spread it with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs beaten stiff with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Return to the oven and

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## WRAPS AND GOWNS

Style That Will Be Much Worn.

Walking skirts built of irregular checks or plaids, preferably in black and white, will be very popular. The skirts are made up in many different ways. The greatest success is found in the bias circular skirt with front seam and perhaps two side plaits down the middle front. A smart little bolero or other short coat accompanies this walking skirt much better. The skirt with many gores is another model much in evidence, but it must flare well below the knees. The very latest gored skirt is smooth over the hips, but is easy below the hip line and is quite full before it reaches even the knee of the knee. The back, though it may close snugly and smoothly at the top, falls in fullness below the placket. Hip yokes are much used, notwithstanding that its disuse was prophesied. The newest yoke is short in the front and back and longer at the sides, giving an opportunity for smart models have plain narrow front breadths made to suggest a box plait which are cut in one with the hip yoke; and in one with this like also are flat panels running from yoke to hem and side and back, while between them the skirt falls in side plaits over box plaits.

Valuable German Discovery.

A substance possessing curious properties is announced in Germany—a compound of carbolic acid, asphaltum and camphor with a little turpentine. This mixture, it is asserted, will solidify when heated and melt again when cooled. Solidification with heat is a property of albuminous substances such as the white of an egg, but such substances will not liquefy again on cooling, the coagulation being a permanent chemical change. The mixture described above to which the name "cryostat" has been given, will apparently solidify and liquefy as often as desired, when heated and cooled to the proper points.

Gown Both Chic and Useful.

This is a smart fancy-tweed frock for spring, walking length, trimmed with velvet collar and cuffs and leath-

er pippins and buttons. Had of straw trimmed behind with wings and ribbon.

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these just long enough to color the meringue. When the pudding is taken from the oven sprinkle grated cocoanut over the top.

Kidney Toast.

Skin, core and cut three sheep's kidneys in six pieces. Melt one ounce of butter, add the kidneys, one small shallot, and one teaspoonful chopped parsley. Cook till the kidney is tender. Mix half an ounce of flour smoothly with half a cup of stock, add one dessertspoonful mushroom ketchup, a little salt, pepper and nutmeg; stir till they boil, then add one beaten egg. Serve very hot on pieces of hot buttered toast.

In Silk-Warp Henrietta.

All of the soft shades of green are exceptionally fashionable in this very modish material, and a charmingly original design is thus pictured: The bodice follows the smart draped lines over a fitted doublet, the neck cut out in fancy shape and filled in with a lingerie chemisette, and the sleeve a bewitching novelty in the slashed puff that reveals the under-sleeve of white chiffon, the same forming a draped puff below the elbow. The skirt is plaited over the hips, a fancy yoke emplacement seeming to hold it to the figure, and a festooned flounce is applied above the hair-cloth stiffened hem.

Fish Omelet.

Take the roe and a block about two inches square of the firmest part of the flesh of any unsalted fish having white meat. After mixing with butter and placing in a pan, whip until the butter is melted. Then put one or two lump of butter mixed with chopped herbs in a dish, flavor with the juice of a lemon and, after beating the eggs, make an ordinary omelet, adding the fish mixture.

Tailor-Made in Face-Cloth.

An excellent design for a black face-cloth gown; it is trimmed in lines with military braid and "frog"

To Color Lace.

In the present demand for trimmings and vari-colored laces anyone who has had even a small experience in handling a brush can paint her cheap lace into an excellent imitation of an expensive variety, providing she uses a little judgment in her effort. Too many colors spoil the effect; but with the flowers painted a delicate pink and the tiny leaves green, a very charming trimming is the result. Lace is the salvation of many a "man-of-war" frock, and an old family lace fichu, or a collar of point lace, or even a lace flounce, can be utilized to better advantage this year than ever before.

Braised Beef.

Make incisions through a round of beef and through these draw long strips of fat salt pork. Have the incisions about an inch apart. Stuff also into the holes with the salt pork a forcemeat made of minced fat salt pork, minced onion and bread crumbs, lightly seasoned. Lay the meat in a pot, cover with cold water, add a carrot, celery, a sliced or chopped tomato, two bay leaves broken into bits and a dash of mace and paprika. Pour over all a half pint of cold water, cover closely and cook very slowly—allowing 15 minutes to the pound. Transfer the meat to a hot dish, strain the gravy, thicken it with browned flour and pour over the meat.

Plaittings.

Plaittings are set into the lower parts of street skirts in many attractive and almost always the same smooth fitted round. Skirts laid in plaits and stitched round the hips but falling flat below that point continue to be popular. The plain skirt is not deemed as modish as alternating side plaits and groups of side plaits. These skirts have the advantage of being more easily fitted than the old-fashioned skirted skirts.

Real Shirt Waist Returns.

The shirt waist promised for the summer is really a shirt waist; that is, it has returned to the simplicity of the original garment. The bishop sleeve has disappeared and in its place is the old-time shirt-sleeve, made in size at the top, set in to rise a little and ending in starched cuffs.

In Using the Machine.

During the days of spring sewing women are apt to find the continued running of the sewing machine very tiresome. They will find that the motion is not so wearisome if only the toe of the left foot is allowed to touch the treadle, while the right foot is placed entirely on it and bears the bulk of the work.

Cocoanut Bread Pudding.

Soak two cups of bread crumbs in one quart of milk for half an hour. Stir in a cup of sugar and a cup of cocoanut, grated, and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Eat with a cream sauce.

Protective Coating for Butter.

A varnish of melted sugar applied with a soft brush is the novel protective coating for butter that is finding favor in Germany and England.

Buttons claim attention this season to a greater extent than for some time past, and are destined for especial prominence during the coming summer as the decorative adjunct of the linen and similar fabric frocks. Buttons for the tub gown are ornamented in a variety of charming designs, the foundation material being that of the gown and the embroidery executed in mercerized thread in silk or harmonizing color. A trio of art-

each button finished with French knots.

To these may be added a set of beautiful buttons covered with many thicknesses of denim with a raised flower, small but pretty, worked on the top of the button. Such buttons are washable.

Beside this list of handmade but tons there may be included in the same family class the entire family of silk-covered and hand-painted buttons which are now being made for

the summer silks, the foulards, the wash silks and the Oriental silks.

The place which the button takes this